

DASHED TO DEATH FROM A FOURTH STORY.

Hanna Moylan Threw Herself from an Upper Room in the St. Denis.

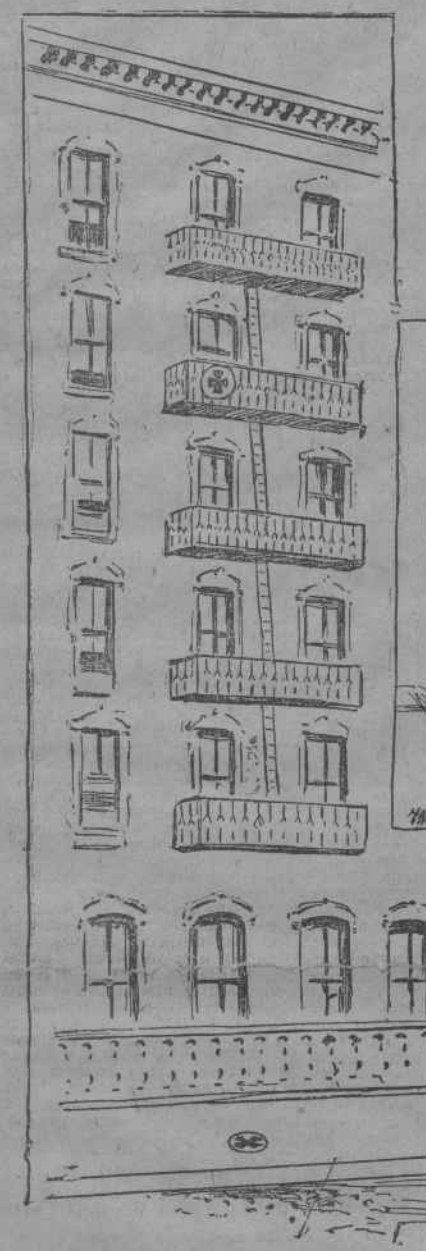
The Girl's Skull Was Crushed Like an Eggshell and Death Was Instantaneous.

She Had Come from Boston with Her Brother to Be Treated for Dementia in Europe.

THEY JUST MISSED THE STEAMER.

While Looking for a Hotel the Girl Had a Fit, and with Her Brother and a Friend Was Locked Up Over Night.

Charles S. Engel, an iron dealer, of No. 235 East Thirtieth street, was passing the St. Denis Hotel, Eleventh street and Broadway, shortly after 9 o'clock last night,



The Hotel St. Denis Suicide.

Hanna Moylan came to this city Saturday with her brother, en route for Europe, to be treated for dementia. Subsequently she had a fit in the street and both were locked up for disorderly conduct, but released yesterday, when they went to the St. Denis. The falling of the fire escape marked with the cross shows where Miss Moylan made her fatal jump. The mark on the walk indicates where she struck. Her brother had gone out and locked her in her room.

When a woman fell from the fourth story of the hotel, striking the pavement directly in front of him. The woman landed squarely on her head, and never moved afterward. Death must have been instantaneous.

While Engel was standing motionless with horror, a young man who had just turned into Eleventh street from Broadway ran up, and after a glance at the prostrate woman began to wring his hands, and, gazing at the corpse a moment, he screamed:

"My sister! my poor, poor Hanna!" Bryan Moylan and his sister, Hanna, registered yesterday morning at the St. Denis. They had come from Boston on the Fall River line boat Pilgrim on Saturday, intending to take the Cunard steamship Servia for Europe on that day. They had already purchased the tickets, but got to the pier two minutes too late.

There were two other persons who arrived at the pier at the same time as the Moylans, one of whom had also intended taking the boat. The latter was John Doherty and the other his friend William Kelly, who had accompanied him to bid him bon voyage. The plight of the Moylans and of Doherty being identical, they began sympathizing with each other, and as Doherty and Kelly also hailed from Boston, the two parties joined forces and determined to remain together.

INTENDED TO SAIL WEDNESDAY. After learning at the steamship office that their tickets would be exchanged for tickets of the White Star Line, enabling them to sail on Wednesday without additional charge, they went in search of a hotel, intending to pass the interim as pleasantly as possible.

"It was no easy matter," said young Moylan last night, "to look for a hotel with my sister. She was a little demented and frequently imagined that somebody was pursuing her in order to take her life. These fits at intervals came upon her nearly every fifteen minutes. They would not last long, but made her at times very violent. It was with a view to her cure that I wanted to take her to Europe for medical treatment."

"We first went to the Broadway Central Hotel, but were told that there were no vacant rooms. Then we took a carriage and drove to Sweeney's Hotel, on Park row. At that place we were informed that no women ever received accommodations there. Our search finally led us to Broadway and Third street and I asked a policeman to direct us to a hotel."

"At that moment my sister was seized with one of her fits. It was very violent, and the policeman evidently thought that she was under the influence of liquor. Her actions, in fact, attracted a crowd, and so, without more ado the policeman

ordered us to follow him to the station house. Mr. Kelly tried to explain, and became a little excited, and thereupon the policeman put him under arrest, too. Mr. Doherty didn't interfere, and in that way escaped arrest."

LOCKED UP IN CELLS. "We were locked up in cells over night, and this morning they arraigned us in the Jefferson Market Court. The Magistrate immediately realized the condition of my sister and dismissed the complaint of disorderly conduct that had been made against us. But he imposed a fine upon Mr. Kelly, and the latter paid it."

"We were then advised to go to the St. Denis. We arrived there shortly before noon and were assigned to rooms Nos. 404, 405 and 413. My sister occupied the first one, I took No. 405 and Kelly and Doherty the last one."

"I had been talking to Hannah the whole afternoon, and finally toward 6 o'clock succeeded in quieting her. She seemed to have even become quite cheerful, and I thought I could safely leave her alone for a few minutes. After locking her door, I went to the room of Kelly and Doherty."

"Let's take a walk," suggested Doherty. "No," replied Kelly; "you and Moylan go. I want to take a little nap." So Doherty and I went downstairs, but had no more than reached the Eleventh street corner, when my sister came tumbling to the sidewalk."

The unfortunate young woman was about thirty years old. Her body was removed to the Mercer Street Station House. The skull was completely crushed."

SNYDER SAW HER JUMP. Probably the only person who saw Miss Moylan take her fatal plunge was Charles Snyder, of No. 287 East Tenth street. He was on the platform of a southbound cable car when, just as the car got to Eleventh street, he happened to look up toward the upper stories of the hotel and saw a woman getting out of the window on to a fire escape."

"I was wondering what the woman was trying to do, when, as quick as a flash, she plunged forward into the street. Moylan said he had been employed in a factory at Newton, Mass. Both brother and sister were plainly clad, and did not give evidence of possessing any too much wealth."

Policeman Weeks says that two stylish young women who had registered last Saturday at the hotel, told him shortly after Miss Moylan had hurled herself to her death that they had seen her and the others

locked in a cell. "Just how many lives he meant to have sacrificed McMahon would not say, but his father insists that the entire household, comprising seven persons, were on the list."

BEGAN AT THE BASEMENT. Patrick McMahon began at the basement, where his uncle, John McMahon, and the latter's sister, Mrs. Bridget Sexton, a widow, lived. He tried to kill them, using two axes and a shovel. He crushed the skull of his aunt, and she died later in the hospital. He used the same weapons upon his uncle, who, although badly injured, will recover. The outcry they raised prevented any further attempts at murder.

A family quarrel over money matters led McMahon to make his wholesale attempt at murder. His father, Timothy McMahon, who is eighty-two years old and was born in Ireland, has become wealthy and owns several houses in East Forty-first street, besides the one he lives in. His wife died three months ago. He has four sons and a daughter, Mrs. Scott, a widow, with three children.

Old Mr. McMahon says his sons have been trying to get rid of him for some time, in order to gain possession of his property. At one time an effort was made to have him declared insane, but this failed, chiefly through the evidence of his brother, John McMahon; his sister, Bridget—the two who were attacked by the son—and Mrs. Scott. The last named lived on the first floor of the house at No. 145, the old man and a servant occupying the upper part. The house, by the way, is a rickety frame structure, sitting back from the street, and with a high board fence in front. Old Mr. McMahon declares that out of the bitterness engendered by the quarrel over his property arose his son's horrible scheme of revenge.

EASILY ENTERED THE HOUSE. All the inmates of the house retired about 11 o'clock Saturday night, and something over two hours later Patrick McMahon arrived. The fastenings of the basement door are of the flimsiest kind, and he had no difficulty in gaining an entrance. His aunt and uncle were sound asleep in different rooms. Before entering their rooms Patrick McMahon secured possession of two axes and a heavy shovel. One axe had a handle nearly two feet long and was a murderous-looking weapon. The other had a much shorter handle.

On a bed in the first room lay Mrs. Sexton, but McMahon apparently did not want to kill her first. He was about to step into the other room where his uncle lay when his aunt awoke. On seeing the intruder immediately turned and aimed a savage blow at her head. The blade of the axe found its

mark in her skull, but the blow was glancing and the wound was not severe.

The woman's screams aroused her brother John, who ran out and grappled with the would-be murderer. In the scuffle the large axe was thrown aside. The smaller axe, however, was at hand, and this Patrick McMahon seized and began to rain blow after blow upon the heads of both uncle and aunt, the latter having come to her brother's assistance.

It only needed a blow or two before the woman fell in a heap, unconscious. Then the man savagely renewed his attack upon his uncle, and, seizing the shovel, he struck him again and again.

NUMBERER DESISTS AT LAST. In the meantime Mrs. Scott, who was asleep upstairs, had been awakened by the noise. She ran down to the basement and, seeing what was going on, ran screaming up to her father's rooms. The old man hobbled downstairs just in time to see his son leaving the house in the same manner by which he had entered. The old man's sister and brother were lying on the floor of the front room, unconscious and apparently dead.

Hardly dressing himself, Timothy McMahon hurried to the East Thirtieth Street Police Station, where he related the occurrence and asked that officers be at once sent out to look for his son, whom he denounced as a murderer. Roundsmen Quinn and Policeman Patrick Crea were sent to the house to investigate.

While the old man was still talking to the sergeant at the desk Policeman Sullivan came in with his prisoner. On seeing the latter the old man ran toward him, and shaking his clenched fist at his son denounced him as having killed his aunt and father. It was with difficulty that the father could be restrained from striking his son, who was a giant in comparison. The latter refused at first to answer any questions. Finally he gave his name, and address and said that he had entered his father's house in the manner described in order to kill his aunt and uncle.

"They have been the means," he said, "of driving me from home and estranging father. They have been working against myself and my brothers for years and I was forced to act. I had to kill them."

The man was shaking all over and was greatly excited. He seemed sober, but had evidently been drinking heavily some days before. He said he was not a bit sorry for what he had done.

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An hour later the prisoner was taken to Bellevue for identification, and when the uncle, who was lying on bed, saw him, he cried out: "Yes, that's McMahon, who tried to kill myself and my sister!"

As for Mr. Sexton, it was needless to bring the doctor before him, as she was unconscious and so remained in a straitjacket the day. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon McMahon was only one step away from saving her, and that was by treating her as a lunatic. He, however, for she died later in the afternoon.

When the prisoner arrived at Bellevue Hospital at 11 o'clock and took John McMahon's ante-mortem statement. Later McMahon was arraigned in the Yorkville Police Court before Magistrate Simms, and his aged father and his sister, who were witnesses against him. The old man told the story of the assault as he knew it, and Policemen Sullivan and Crea made short affidavits.

McMAHON PLOTTED WHOLESALE MURDER

Broke into His Father's House and Almost Killed His Uncle and Aunt.

Attacked Them with an Axe and Shovel, and the Woman Died in Bellevue.

DUE TO A QUARREL OVER PROPERTY

Thought He Intended to Slay All in the House, but the Other Inmates Raising an Outcry, He Left—Is Under Arrest.

Policeman Andrew Sullivan, of the East Thirtieth Street Station, while standing at the corner of Lexington avenue and Thirtieth street at 2 o'clock yesterday morning, was attracted by the actions of a man coming from Fortieth street, who appeared to attract attention. The man was about five feet ten inches in height, strongly built, with a face disfigured by smallpox, and with a closely cropped iron gray mustache. The policeman watched him closely, and, noting what looked like blood stains on the front of his shirt, stopped him. The policeman asked for an explanation of the telltale spots, when the man said:

"Well, you have caught me, and that is the end of it. I have just committed a crime a few blocks up, and there is no use in concealing it any longer. I have killed two persons."

Sullivan thought the man was crazy, but on taking him to the station found he had made an important capture. The man was Patrick McMahon, forty-one years old, a carpenter, living at the southeast corner of One Hundred and Tenth street and Lexington avenue.

Half an hour before he had broken into his father's house, at No. 145 East Forty-first street, with the deliberate intention of committing murder. Just how many lives he meant to have sacrificed McMahon would not say, but his father insists that the entire household, comprising seven persons, were on the list.

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mark in her skull, but the blow was glancing and the wound was not severe.

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ACKNOWLEDGED HIS GUILT. When the prisoner was asked what he had to say, he exclaimed excitedly:

"Nothing, except that I am guilty! I tried hard to kill them, but I did not use any axe, as the police say. I only used a shovel. I did go there to kill them, and I had reason, for they have come between myself and my father. When the proper time comes I will tell my story, but not now. McMahon was then committed without bail to the House of Detention, where he was held for three other brothers," she said, "and I fear they may come up to the house and finish the work which Patrick began. Watch it for tonight to be, and we will all move out to-morrow." An officer was detailed as requested.

Old Timothy McMahon, who was seen at his home later, repeated the story of his trials with his sons. He said that one of his sons had attempted to poison him a year ago. Another had been in State prison for two years for robbing his mother of \$3,500.

"At the trial," said the old man, "his mother pleaded for him, and when he came back from prison and had no home to go to she took him in again. He had not been home a month before he attacked her in the yard and stole her pocketbook, containing \$400. Had they let me die here in peace, they would all have come in for my property, but they would not have it. They tried to bribe my daughter to leave me, but they did not succeed. Now, I will push this case as hard as I can, and even though he is my son, I will put him in the electric chair if his uncle or aunt dies. They need have no fear of my not appearing as a witness."

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